Earl Kathlorne
C.108.bbb.65

SONGS,

DUETS, & CHORUSES,

IN THE PANTOMIMICAL DRAMA OF

OBI,

OR,

THREE-FINGER'D JACK:

INVENTED BY MR. FAWCETT,

And Perform'd at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY MARKET.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIX'D

Illustrative Extracts,

AND A

Prospectus of the Action.

Timor atque Infamia Sylvæ.

THIRD EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS *Pantomimical Drama* is founded on a Matter of Fact, which occur'd (*An. Dom.* 1780) in the Iſland of *Jamaica*; and which is related in a learned and ingenious Work, lately publiſh'd:—But, the Tranſaction not affording Materials ſufficient for a complete Dramatick Entertainment, fictitious circumſtances are, here, blended with a Story which, although romantick, is true.

To illuſtrate the Myſteries of OBI, and the Character, and Exploits, of THREE-FINGER'D JACK, the Work above-mention'd has furniſh'd the following

EXTRACTS.

'The Science of Obi is very extenſive——

This Obi, or as it is pronounced in the Engliſh Weſt Indies, *Obeah*, has its origin, like many Cuſtoms among the Africans, from the ancient Ægyptians. Obi for the purpoſe of bewitching People, or conſuming them by lingering illneſs, is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of ſharks, and other animals—blood, feathers, egg-ſhells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, liver of mice, and ſome potent roots, weeds, and buſhes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant.—A Negro, who thinks himſelf bewitch'd by Obi, will apply to an *Obi-Man* or *Obi-Woman* for cure. The moſt wrinkled and moſt deform'd Obian Magicians are the moſt venerated,

Speaking of an horrible claſs of Negroes, the Author of the Work alluded to ſays, 'ſome of theſe abandoned Exiles live, in ſpite of the common law of nature, and ſurvive a general mutation of their muſcles, ligaments, and oſteology; becoming alſo hideouſly white in their woolly hair and ſkin.

In their baniſhment, their huts often become the receptacles of robbers and fugitive Negroes. Thus, theſe ugly, loathſome creatures are oracles of woods, caves, and unfrequented places, and are reſorted to ſecretly, by the wretched in mind, and by the malicious for wicked purpoſes,

THREE FINGER'D JACK,

The learned Author of the Work we have profited by, ſays,—

'I ſaw the Obi of the famous Negro Robber, *Three Finger'd Jack*, the terror of Jamiaca, in 1780. The Maroons who ſlew him, brought it to me.

His OBI conſiſted of the end of a goat's horn fill'd with a compound of grave dirt, aſhes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mix'd into a kind of paſte: A cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a ſlip of virginal parchment of kid-ſkin, with characters mark'd in blood on it, were alſo in his *Obian* bag.

Theſe, with a keen ſabre, and two guns, like *Robinſon Cruſoe*, were all his Obi; with which, and his courage in deſcending into the plains, and plundering to ſupply his wants, and his ſkill in retreating into difficult faſtneſſes, among the Mountains, commanding the only acceſs to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the Inhabitants, and ſat the Civil Power and the neighbouring Militia of the Iſland at defiance, for nearly two years.

He had neither accomplice nor aſſociate. There were a few runaway Negroes in the Woods near Mount Lebanus, the place of his retreat; but he had croſs'd their foreheads with ſome of the Magick in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he truſted no one—He ſcorned aſſiſtance.

He aſcended above Spartacus—He robb'd alone—fought all his Battles alone—and always kill'd his Purſuers.—

By his Magick, he was not only the dread of the Negroes, but there were many white People who believed he was poſſeſſed of ſome ſupernatural power.

But even *Jack* himſelf was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offer'd by Governor Dalling in Proclamations, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and 13th of January, 1781; and, by a Reſolution of the Houſe of Aſſembly, which followed the firſt Proclamation; two Negroes, named *Quaſhee* and *Sam*, both of Scot's Hall, Maroon Town, with a party of their townſmen, went in ſearch of him.

Quaſhee, before he ſet out on the Expedition, got himſelf Chriſtianed, and changed his Name to *James Reeder*.

The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepeſt receſſes of the moſt inacceſſible part of the Iſland, where Jack, far remote from all human ſociety, reſided,—but in vain.

Reeder and *Sam*, tired with this mode of war, reſolved on proceeding in ſearch of his retreat; and taking him by ſtorming it, or periſhing in the attempt.

They took with them a little Boy, a proper ſpirit, and a good ſhot, and left the reſt of the party.

Theſe three, whom I well knew, had not been long ſeparated from their Companions, before their cunning eyes diſcover'd, by impreſſions among the weeds and buſhes, that ſome perſon muſt have lately been that way.

They ſoftly follow'd theſe impreſſions, making not the leaſt noiſe.—Preſently they diſcover'd a ſmoke.

They prepar'd for war. They came upon *Jack* before he perceived them—He was roaſting *Plantains* by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a Cave.

This was a ſcene:——not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible:—He told them he would kill them.

Reeder, inſtead of ſhooting *Jack*, replied, that his *Obi* had no power to hurt him; for he was Chriſtianed, and that his Name was no longer *Quaſhee*.

Jack knew *Reeder*, and, as if paralyſed, he let his two Guns remain on the Ground, and took up only his Cutlaſs.

Theſe two had a ſevere Engagement ſeveral Years before in the Woods, in which Conflict *Jack* loſt the two Fingers, which was the Origin of his preſent Name; but *Jack* then beat *Reeder*, and almoſt killed him, with ſeveral others, who aſſiſted him, and they fled from *Jack*.

To do *Three Finger'd Jack* juſtice, he would now have killed both *Reeder* and *Sam*; for, at firſt, they were frightened at the ſight of him, and at the dreadful tone of his voice; well they might: they had beſides no retreat, and were to and grapple with the braveſt, and ſtrongeſt man in the world.

But *Jack* was cowed; for, he had propheſied, that *white Obi* would get the better of him; and, from experience, he knew the charm would loſe none of its ſtrength in the hands of *Reeder*,

Without farther parley, *Jack*, with his cutlaſs in his hand, threw himſelf down a precipice at the back of the cave.

Reeder's gun miſs'd fire—*Sam* ſhot him in the ſhoulder---*Reeder*, like an Engliſh bull dog, never looked, but with his cutlaſs in his hand, plunged headlong down after *Jack*.

he deſcent was about thirty yards, and almoſt perpendicular. Both of them had preſerved their cutlaſſes in the fall.

Here was a ſtage, on which two of the ſtouteſt hearts, that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody ſtruggle.

The little Boy, who was order'd to keep back out of harm's way, now reach'd the top of the Precipice, and during the fight ſhot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and cooly took a round-about way to get to the Field of action. When he arrived at the ſpot where it began, *Jack* and *Reeder* had cloſed, and tumbl'd together

down another Precipice, on the ſide of the mountain, in which fall they both loſt their weapons.

Sam deſcended after them, who alſo loſt his cutlaſs, among the trees and buſhes in getting down.

When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for *Reeder*, *Jack's* wounds were deep and deſperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up juſt time enough to ſave *Reeder*; for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's graſp—Reeder then with his right Hand almoſt cut off, and *Jack*, ſtreaming with blood from his ſhoulder and belly——both cover'd with gore and gaſhes.

In this ſtate *Sam* was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle.

The little Boy ſoon after found his way to them: He had a cutlaſs, with which they cut off Jack's head, and Three Finger'd Hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay, follow'd by a vaſt concourſe of Negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi blowing their ſhells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method. They carried them to Kingſton, and Spaniſh Town; and claim'd the rewards offer'd by the King's Proclamation and the Houſe of Aſſembly."*

* Dr. MOSELEY's *Treatiſe on* SUGAR, *and* MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS, Second Edition.

Le G S Starkie

PROSPECTUS.

SCENE——*The Iſland of* JAMAICA.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A View of extenſive Plantations. The Planter's Houſe, on one ſide; Great Gates, on the other. Preparations to celebrate the Birth-day of *Roſa*, the *Planter's* Daughter. *Captain Orford's* arrival, from England;—previouſly announced by his Black Boy, *Tuckey*, bringing a Letter. The *Captain's* introduction to *Roſa*, by her Father;—his admiration of her beauty;—his departure, after a ſhort morning viſit;—and his very ſpeedy return, occaſion'd by his being ſtun'd by a blow, from THREE-FINGER'D JACK. *Roſa's* anxiety. Panick of the Slaves, at the name of *Jack*;—and the ſuperior courage of the two Negroes, QUASHEE and SAM.

SCENE 2. An Apartment, in the *Planter's* Houſe. *Captain Orford* ap-

pears ;—much recover'd from the blows he has received.—His profeſſion of love to *Roſa.* The *Planter's* resolution to unite him with *Roſa,* in marriage.—Proclamation for the apprehenſion of *Three Finger'd Jack.*
Preparations for a Shooting Party.

SCENE 3.—Inſide of an *Obi-Woman's* Cave. Deſcent of *Negro Robbers,* into the Cave. Their Homage to the *Obi-Woman,* who preſents them with *Obi.* The ſudden and ſecret entrance of *Three-Finger'd Jack.* His rage at the Proclamation, iſſued againſt him. His *Obi-Horn* fill'd, by the *Obi-Woman*; and his Ceremonies to prevent the Negroes betraying him. Dance, and Carouſal, of the *Negroes.* An Alarm. The myſterious diſappearance of *Jack,* in conſequence of it. Aſtoniſhment of the *Negroes*;—and their deſcent, ſtill deeper, into the Cave.

SCENE 4.—*A Promontory*; with a view of the Sea; and a Boat, at anchor. The *Planter, Captain Orford,* and *Tuckey,* with a Shooting Party. *Jack's* aſcent, from the *Obi Woman's* Cave,—and his ambuſh.

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Tuckey caſt into the Sea. *Captain Orford* wounded, and then captured, by *Jack*. Diſtreſs of the *Planter*; and terror of the *Slaves*.

SCENE 5.—*Montago Bay*, in *Jamaica*. *Tuckey's* relation of Captain Orford's, and his own, Adventure, with *Three-Finger'd Jack*. The *Planter's* dejection, and *Roſa's* grief. Proclamation of Reward, by the Officers of Government, for killing *Three-Finger'd Jack*. The two Negroes, *Quaſhee* and *Sam*, undertake to encounter him. They are join'd by *Tuckey*. *Quaſhee's* requeſt to be chriſten'd, that he may overmatch *Jack*.

SCENE 6.—Outſide of part of the *Overſeer's* Houſe, with Grounds adjacent. A March. *Quaſhee's* and *Sam's* return from the Church, after the Chriſtening of *Quaſhee*. Preparations for the Expedition, againſt *Jack*. Rejoicings of the Slaves. A Negro Ball.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—An accurate repreſentation of the Inſide of a *Slave's Hut*, in *Jamaica*. *Quaſhee* and *Sam*, taking leave of their Wives, and Children. *Tuckey* with them. *Roſa* comes to them, in Boys Cloaths; and obtains their conſent to accompany them, on their Expedition.

SCENE 2.—A Sea Beach. *Negro Robbers'* prowling for Plunder. *Three-Finger'd Jack's* appearance among them;—their ſubmiſſion to him;—and his departure. The *Robbers* rouſed from their concealment, by the *Party* in queſt of *Jack*. *Jack's* re-appearance; and the Robbers' awe of his *Obi-Horn*.

SCENE 3.—*A Promontory*; with the Mouth of Jack's Cave. A violent ſtorm of Rain, Wind, Thunder, and Lightening. *Quaſhee*, *Sam*, *Tuckey*, and *Roſa*. *Roſa's* fatigue. Her entrance into the mouth of the cave, for reſt, and ſhelter, while the reſt of the Party proceed. She is follow'd by *Jack*.

SCENE 4.—A Subterranean Paſſage. *Roſa* ſurpriſed by *Jack*. His intention

of ſhooting her changed to making her his ſervant.

SCENE 5.—The Inſide of Jack's Cave. *Roſa's* performance of menial offices, for *Jack*. Her ſinging him to ſleep. Her diſcovery of *Captain Orford's* being confined, and wounded, in the Cave; whoſe eſcape, with her own, ſhe effects, by ſtratagem.

SCENE 6.—An Apartment in the *Planter's* Houſe. *Quaſhee's* Wife ſoothing the Planter, with hopes of his Daughter's return.

SCENE 7.—*Mount Lebanus*. Deſperate Fight, between *Jack*, and the Party employed to kill him. *Jack's* overthrow, and Death.

SCENE 8.—Subterranean paſſage. *Negro Robbers* bringing an account of *Jack's* Death, to the *Obi-Woman*. Capture of the *Robbers*, and *Obi-Woman*, by *Captain Orford*, *Quaſhee*, *Sam*, and *Tuckey*.

SCENE LAST,—Publick Rejoicings, occaſion'd by the Overthrow of *THREE-FINGER'D JACK*.

CHARACTERS.

Captain Orford -	Mr. FARLEY.
Planter - -	Mr. CAULFIELD
Overſeer - -	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Tuckey (the Captain's Boy)	Maſter MENAGE.
Jack - -	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Quaſhee - -	Mr. EMERY.
Sam - -	Mr. I. PALMER.
Planter's Servants	Meſſ. ATKINS, WILKINS, *&c.*
Negro Robbers	Meſſ. KLANERT, CHIPPENDALE, *&c.*
Jonkanoo * -	Mr. HAWTIN.

Roſa (the Planter's Daughter)	Miſs DE CAMP.
Quaſhee's Wife -	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Sam's Wife - -	Miſs GAUDRY.
Obi-Woman -	Mr. ABBOT.

* *Jonkanoo* is a groteſque perſonage, with a ludicrous falſe head, and head-dreſs, preſiding as Maſter of the Ceremonies, at Negro Balls, in *Jamaica*.

SONGS, &c.

ACT I.

DUET.—*Quaſhee's Wife and Sam's Wife.*

(Mrs. MOUNTAIN and Miſs GAUDRY.)

THE White man come, and bring his gold,
The Slatee * meet him in the bay;—
And, Oh! poor Negro then be ſold,—
From home poor Negro ſail away.

O, it be very ſad to ſee
Poor Negro child and father part!—
But if White man kind maſſa be,
He heal the wound in Negro's heart.

CHORUS of NEGROES.

Good Maſſa we find;
Sing tingering, ſing terry,—
When Buckra † be kind,
Then Negro heart merry.
Sing tingering, &c.

* *Slatee*—a free black Merchant, trading chiefly in Slaves.

† *Buckra*—a white Man.

CHORUS.

Good maſſa we find, &c.

OVERSEER.

BLACK ladies and gentlemen, pleaſe to draw near,
And attend to the words of your grand Overſeer.
Leave work till to-morrow, my hearts, in the morning;
Be jovial and gay, for this is the day
That our maſter's, the good Planter's, daughter was born in.

'Tis your Lady's birth day,
Therefore we'll make holiday,
And you ſhall all be merry.

CHORUS.

Sing tingering, &c.

AIR—OVERSEER and CHORUS.

Swear by the ſilver Creſcent of the night,
Beneath whoſe beams the Negro breathes his prayer;
Swear by your Fathers, ſlaughter'd in the fight,
By your dear native land, and children ſwear;

Swear to perſue this traitor, and annoy him;
This Jack, who daily works your harms,
With Obi, and his magick charms—
Swear, ſwear you will deſtroy him.

CHORUS of NEGROES.

Kolli, Kolli, Kolli! * we ſwear all—
We kill, when he come near us;
But no ſwear loud—for, when we bawl,
Three Finger Jack he hear us.

DUET.—*Quaſhee and Wife.*

(Mr. EMERY and Mrs. MOUNTAIN.)

Quaſh. QUASHEE he load his gun;
Me go kill Jack, dear;
Hill will no cover ſun
When Quaſhee come back, dear.

Wife.—War no be certain, and gun no be true;
Quaſhee ſhou'd Jack kill, my heart break for you!
Sweet muſick tink a tang, ſtay here delighting;
No go to battle,—big Death come in fighting.

* *Kolli*—ſwear.

Quaſh.—Me laugh at Obi charm—
Quaſhee ſtrong hearted;—

Wife.—Ah! me fear many harm,
When you and me parted.

Wife. } No go, Oh, no go, ſweet Quaſhee, me pray!
Quaſh. } Yes, go, Oh yes go, but long me no ſtay,

Wife. Droop ſo, me droop ſo when { you / me } far away.
Sweet / Let } muſick tink a tank { ſtay here / me no } delighting
Quaſh. No / Yes } go to battle { big death come / men die } in fighting

FINALE.

Quaſhee's Wife—(Mrs. MOUNTAIN.)

We Negro men and women meet,
And dance and ſing, and drink and eat,
With a yam foo, foo,—
And when we come to negro ball,
One funny big man be maſter of all;
'Tis merry Jonkanoo.

CHORUS.

Now we dance, and ſing, and eat,
Yam, foo, foo, with a yam foo, foo.

Quaſhee's Wife—(Mrs. MOUNTAIN.)

Maſſa he poor Negro treat,
Give grand ball and Jonkanoo.

CHORUS.

Maſſa he poor Negro, &c.

Sam's Wife—(MISS GAUDRY.)

Jack he did good Captain wound;
Shoot him ſhoulder, hurt him back.
If by Quaſhee Jack be found,
Then good bye Three Finger Jack.

CHORUS.

Now we dance, &c.

Quaſhee's Wife—(Mrs. MOUNTAIN.)

Jack have charm in Obi-bag;
Tom cat foot, pig tail, duck beak:
Quaſhee tear the charm to rag,
Make Three Finger Jack to ſqueak.

CHORUS.

Now we dance, &c.

ACT II.

SONG

Quaſhee's Wife.——(Mrs. MOUNTAIN.)

MY cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too ſoon, me fear like grief to know
As broke the heart of Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

Poor ſoul! to ſee her hang her head,
All day, beneath the Cypreſs Tree;—
And ſtill ſhe ſing my love be dead—
The huſband of poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd; how ſweet he ſmil'd!
His ſmile again me never ſee;
Unleſs me ſee it in the child
That he have left poor Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My baby to my breaſt I fold,
But little warmth, poor boy! have he;
His father's death make all ſo cold
About the heart of Ulalee.
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!"

SONG.

Roſa——(Miſs De Camp)

A Lady, in fair Seville City,
Who once fell in love, very deep,
On her Spaniſh guittar play'd a ditty,
That lull'd her old Guardian to ſleep.
With a hoo tira, lira, &c.

Her Guardian, not giving to dozing,
Was thought the moſt watchful of men;
But each verſe had ſo ſleepy a cloſing,
That he nodded,—but ſoon woke again.
With a hoo, tira, &c.

She touch'd the Giuttar ſomewhat ſlower,
Again he look'd drowſy, and wiſe;
And then ſhe play'd ſofter, and lower,—
Till, gently, ſhe ſeal'd up his eyes.
With a hoo tira, &.

AIR.

Quaſhee's Wife——(Mrs. Mountain)

YOU never hear of Mandingo * King?
He loſt dear daughter, in the fight;
But ſhe ſteal home to his tent, at night—
Then merry Black-man was Mandingo King.

* *Mandingoes* are iuhabitants of certain diſtricts in *Africa*.

Mandingo King, oh, his heart was glad,
He call his loving Subjects round;—
And ſay—"look here be dear daughter found,
"Go dance to the Banja,* juſt like mad!"

The King for ſignal throw big dart;
Oh! then Black-men ſhout loud, and clear;
And high they jump for his daughter dear,
But none jump ſo high as her father's heart.

FINALE.

WANDER now, to and fro,
Croſs the wide ſavannahs go;
Now no fright Negro know,—
Tangarang, tan tang, taro.

Beat big drum—wave fine flag;—
Bring good news to Kingſton Town, O!
No fear Jack' Obi-Bag—
Quaſhee knock him down, O!

Oh! through the dale, and over hill,
The Negro now may go—
For charm be broke, and Jack be kill—
'Twas Quaſhee gave the blow.

* *Banja*—a rude muſical inſtrument.

OVERSEER.

Here we ſee villainy
Brought, by law, to ſhort duration;
And may all Traitors fall
By Britiſh Proclamation.

CHORUS.

Then let us ſing
God ſave the King, &c. &c.

FINIS.

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Stumpsoid

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Mrs Catharine Stumpsoid

Lancashire

Stumpsoid